Little Red Riding Hood, by Charles Perault

There was once a little village girl, the prettiest that the villagers had ever know. Her mother was madly jealous, and her grandmother even more so. The latter made her a little red hood, which suited her so well that everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, having baked some pies, said to her, “Go and see how your grandmother is, because she told me she was ill. Take her this cake and a little pot of butter.”

Little Red Riding Hood left straight away for her grandmother’s house, which was in another village. Passing through a wood, she met a wolf, who had a great desire to eat her, but didn’t dare because of the woodcutters working close by.

The wolf asked her where she was going. The poor child, who didn’t know that it was dangerous to stop and chat with a wolf, said to him, “I’m going to see my grandmother and take her this cake and little pot of butter that my mother sent her.”

“Does she live far away?” the Wolf said.

“Oh yes,” said Little Red Riding Hood. “It’s beyond the Mill that you can see over there. The first house in the village.”

“Really?” said the wolf. “I’m going that way myself. I’ll go by this road here, and you take that road there. We’ll see who gets there first.”

The wolf ran flat out as fast as he could along the shortest route. Little red Riding Hood, who had the longest route, whiled away the time by picking hazelnuts and running after butterflies, or making little bouquets from the flowers that she saw.

The Wolf was not long in reaching Grandmother’s house. He called out “Knock, Knock!”

“Who’s there?”

“It’s your grand-daughter, little Red Riding Hood,” said the Wolf, disguising his voice. “I brought you a cake and a pot of butter that mother made.”

Grandmother, who was feeling a little ill and was therefore in bed, cried out, “Come on in, my dear, the door’s open.”

The wolf turned the knob, and opened the door. He threw himself on Grandmother, and gobbled her up in no time at all, because he hadn’t eaten for three days. Then he closed the door and climbed into Grandmother’s bed, waiting for Little Red Riding Hood. He didn’t have long to wait before she was at the door crying, “Knock, Knock!”

“Who’s there?”

Little Red Riding Hood, heard the deep voice of the wolf. She was afraid at first, but realising that grandmother had caught a cold, said, “It’s your grand-daughter, Little Red Riding Hood. I brought you a cake and a pot of butter that mother made.”

The Wolf, disguising his voice again, replied, “Come on in, my dear, the door’s open.”

Little Red Riding Hood turned the knob, and opened the door.

The Wolf, seeing her enter, hid himself beneath the covers of the bed. He said to her, “Put the cake and the butter on the table and come and lie down next to me.”

Little Red Riding Hood got undressed and climbed into bed. She was quite astonished to see how her grandmother filled out her nightdress.

“Grandmother, what long arms you have!”

“All the better to embrace you with, my girl.”

“But Grandmother, what long legs you have!”

“All the better to run to you, my girl.”

“But Grandmother, what big ears you have!”

“All the better to listen to you, my child.”

“But Grandmother, what big eyes you have!”

“All the better to see you with, my child.”

“But Grandmother, what big teeth you have!.”

“They’re for eating you with!”

And saying these words, the nasty Wolf pounced on Little Red Riding Hood and gobbled her up.